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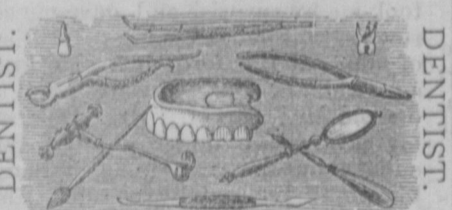
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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1879.

NUMBER 12.

POETRY.

I AM GLAD.

BY CARRIE S. HOAG.

It is so sad,
That sometimes when the sun shines brighter,
Making all the glad earth lighter,
Than it ever did before;
Suddenly, with not a warning,
All the beauty of the morning
Drearily is clouded o'er;

But I am glad,
That soon the shadows will have vanished,
Soon the clouds will all be banished,
Soon the mists will clear away;
And the earth in joy and gladness
Will forget her time of sadness,—
Light is ever king of day!

It is so sad,
That often after years of labor
We must stand and see our neighbor
Reap the fruits of all our toil;
See some other hand than ours
Pick our very fairest flowers
After we have tilled the soil;

But I am glad
That somewhere in God's store-house treasured,
Lies all our harvest measured,
Lies every harvest past;
And what matters it, my brother,
If we reaped them, or some other,
Now that they are His at last?

It is so sad,
That often when the lips are smiling,
When with songs we are beguiling
Many an hour of life away;
We our broken hearts are hiding,
Or some haunting memory chiding,
Languing so to weep or pray;

But I am glad,
That though the world may search forever
And find our heartaches never,
Hid beneath our song and smile;
Let us fill our "customed" places,
Day by day with smiling faces,
'Twill be such a little while!

STORE TELLER.

MRS. FAY'S BARGAIN.

John Fay was leaving the breakfast
table. He laid a roll of bills beside
his wife's plate.

"The fifty dollars, Annie, I promised
you for your new dress."

"Fifty! Then you have really made
it fifty! What a good John! I shall
be able to save enough of it to buy
your aunt Maria a real nice New Year's
present. There are very good cloaks,
shaggy and warm, marked down to
ten and twelve dollars, at Morton &
Brier's, and I am distressed, Sunday
after Sunday, to see her walk into
church in that old shawl. I could
draw the pattern of it with my eyes
shut, and know that nothing but
perversity keeps it from breaking away
on her poor, sharp shoulders."

"Well, do as you please; only make
the most you can of the money. Fifty
dollars does not grow on every bush
in these times, and I should hardly
have felt able to give it to you now
but that Morton has been looking at
one of our steam-heaters for his store,
though some parties down at Hartford
offered him one at a discount. So buy
the cloak of him, by all means, if you
get one."

And John struggled into a three-
year-old overcoat and hurried away.

Little Mrs. Fay turned the bills over
in her hand. She had scarcely heard
her husband's last words. It was
enough that he could afford to give
her the money and that it was hers to
spend. He was her conscience in re-
gard to money matters. With the in-
tricacies of business she had nothing
to do. Should she run around to
Mrs. Juppe's at once and talk it over
and find out exactly how to send to
New York for samples of dress-goods?

The Jupes were stylish people who
had recently moved into the neighbor-
hood, having bought the very large
lawn and the very small cottage with
a stable in the rear, which gave an air
of elegance to the street of the pretty
New England town where the Jupes
lived. Between Mrs. Juppe and little
Mrs. Fay the most intimate relations
had been established. They ran back
and forth at all hours, a blind gate
having been discovered, at the foot of
Mrs. Fay's tiny flower garden, which
opened directly upon Mrs. Juppe's side
lawn.

The latter had already advised in re-
gard to the new dress. "You will
never think of buying it here," she
had said. "Morton & Brier's dress-
goods are so common! Everybody in
town dresses the same—like mourners
at a funeral! Why not run down to
New York, and buy something made
up? You would save it in your dress-
maker's bill."

Run down to New York! Mrs. Fay
regarded a visit to that metropolis as
the event of a life time,—to be ardently
desired, but scarcely to be hoped
for. And as for a dress-maker, one
day from such a functionary, for the
purpose of basting and "trying on,"
with three or four more from Susan
Janey, who went out for seventy-five
cents—and was thankful to get that
in these hard times—was the limit of
her desires.

"Well, let me see; you might send
down to any one of the large retail
stores for samples and order from

there afterwards. You know they each
keep a clerk for nothing in the world
but to put up these samples."

And Mrs. Fay had gone home filled
with a desire to do this. To send to
New York, to the envy of her less well
informed neighbors! To appear in a
dress, unlike anything displayed in
the town! She was not ordinarily a
vain woman, but Mrs. Fay's ambition
took fire at this spark of suggestion.
But John's countenance assumed a
doubtful expression when the plan was
spread out before him.

"I don't know about that," he said
slowly. "Do as you would be done
by, is my motto, and how should I
like it to have everybody in town run
off to Hartford or New York to buy
the goods I offer for sale. Patronize
home institutions, Annie; spend your
money where you make it, and help to
build up your own town, I say. Why,
the country is going to ruin for the
same reason! Nothing in America
will do for people, unless the maker
is shrewd enough to brand it with a
foreign mark. We spend all our time
and strength in gathering dollars to
be sent out of the country. And what
do we get for them? A lot of French
frumpies and manufactured articles
which need only to stand side by side
with our own to show their inferior-
ity."

"Yes, John; but—the dress!" Ex-
ports and imports were matters to be
settled by graver heads, or to settle
themselves.

"Buy it at Morton & Brier's. They
trade with me, and I should like to
turn my money into their hands."

"But their goods are so 'common,'
John. And we all dress alike,—like
mutes at a funeral."

"Like what?" John Fay burst into
a loud laugh. "You are a dear little
woman, Annie, but you never origi-
nated that remark. I don't believe I
like the style," he added, after a pause.
"But do as you please, dear."

It was hard to say "no" to this little
wife. "At least you can buy the cloak
at Morton & Brier's; and be sure to
make the money go as far as you can."

"I will, John; it shall go as far as
New York!" she replied, with a happy
laugh, throwing her arms around his
neck and giving him an enthusiastic
hug.

She wrote her letter to New York, at
Mrs. Juppe's dictation, and the samples
came in due time.

John turned them over quizzically:
—"Couldn't you judge better of the
color and quality to see them in a
piece, rather than in such a little scrap
as this?"

"O what a silly John! Of course
not; when I can examine them at my
leisure now, with no saucy clerk to
snatch them out of my hands or talk
me into buying what I don't want at
all."

A long hour was spent in this in-
spection.

"Do—do you think it had better be
mixed goods or plain?"

John was good-natured. He laid
down his newspaper to take the bits
of cloth again in his great hands. "Do
you call that mixed?"—singing out a
serap of all knots and long, loose hairs,
and vying with Joseph's coat in colors
—the latest fashion for warm ugliness.

"Yes, to be sure."

"Well then, dear, I should say let us
have it plain!"

So she chose a soft, warm basket-
cloth in dull maroon. Six yards, eight-
een dollars! But it was double width
and these new goods were expensive.
The prices ran as high as five dollars a
yard; three was moderation. And
there would be enough for a long
sacque and then—last consideration of
a prudent mind—it would "make over"

admirably.

Then the silk—(for this was to be a
handsome suit.) Mrs. Juppe had said
that silks were to be got at any price
now. And not to be mean or to buy a
poor quality. Mrs. Fay had fixed her
price at a dollar and a half per yard.
But a scrap at two dollars just
matched her cloth. And, as she fancied
the most of the samples ranged at
prices even higher, with an impetuosi-
ty which characterized the movements
of the small woman who mildly ruled
the Fay family, she decided upon this.
Seven yards,—no, eight, it was well
to have a piece left, and there should be
a bonnet to match. Eight it must be.
She sent her order in haste, and then
awaited the result with an excitement
which held in it more and more of re-
pentance as the days went by.

Early in the afternoon of the third,
an express wagon, a man and an enor-
mous book appeared at her door.
She ran to open it. She took the pre-
cious parcel which bore her name and
placed it carefully within the sanctities
of the parlor, while the man was fum-
bling for the bill.

"Thirty-four dollars, ma'am."

She had the exact amount in her
hand. She had had the exact amount
within reach for the last two days.

"Write your name just there." And
Mrs. Fay wrote her name where the
purple and black finger pointed grimly,
—in characters a good deal like the
trembling ones with which she had
written, "Yes, dear John," two years

before in reply to a certain letter which
need not be mentioned here.

"And a dollar for the express."

"I—I thought it was fifty cents."

"Both ways, ma'am, you know, C.
O. D." No, she did not know; not at
the moment certainly, but she slipped
a fifty-cent piece slyly back into her
pocket and paid him the dollar he de-
manded.

She did not open the parcel at once.
She sat down to do a sum in mental
arithmetic. Thirty-five dollars from
\$50 left \$15; and there were the lin-
ings and trimmings, the dress-maker,
and Susan Janey was to be provided for.
And Aunt Maria's cloak! She had en-
tirely forgotten the cloak! There was
no impatience in the fingers that un-
tied the string as she prepared to in-
spect the new dress. She had lost her
enthusiasm over it already.

Horrors of horrors! Could this be
her silk? as a broad ray of sunlight
struck upon it. It was by no means of
the same shade as the dress? Could
the dealers have made a mistake? But
no; she compared a scrap of the sam-
ple which she had chosen and a bit of
which she had withheld. It was the
same. Was it possible that it could
appear so differently when seen in the
piece?

But there was no help for it now;
and with that reflection the last ray of
pleasure in her new purchase vanished
from her mind. Not even John's com-
mendation could enliven her. "Why,
you're as pretty as a picture!" said he
the same night when she had twisted
the soft woolen stuff about her figure
and stood waiting under the gaslight
for his inspection. The silk she had
prudently and thankfully banished
from sight. The dull maroon hue had
brightened to a rich crimson under the
light.

"And did the money hold out?"

"Y—es." But the reply came faintly,
and Mrs. Juppe running in the next
morning found her friend poring over
the "supplement" to a fashion paper,
her smooth forehead drawn into two
dreadful wrinkles, while she studied
with despairing eyes this sheet of lines
and angles, bicycles and insane paral-
lelograms, hopelessly confused and in-
extricably entangled.

"They are patterns!" said Mrs. Fay,
as though she would have added,
"could you ever believe it?" "I thought
perhaps I might out my dress myself."

"Goodness, child! Did you ever do
such a thing?"

"No; but people do."

"They don't begin with a handsome
suit, however. Do you want to spoil
it—to ruin the whole dress, besides
wasting the material and the money
you have spent for it?"

The last was an argument, and Mrs.
Fay laid by her sheet of hieroglyphics
with a sigh, and prepared to listen to
reason, as Mrs. Juppe called it, by ar-
ranging to take the latter's dress-maker
off her hands for one day, which Mrs.
Juppe desired to spend out of town.
Perhaps she could make up for this ex-
pense by cutting off two or three of
Susan Janey's days.

The day and the dress-maker came.
"It is a good heavy piece of silk,"
said the latter, testing it between
thumb and forefinger.

It was. It weighed like lead upon
Mrs. Fay's mind. The dress-maker
laid it against the woolen goods, opened
her lips, then closed them again
prudently. But Mrs. Fay saw the
movement. No, it did not match.
Had not Mrs. Juppe already remarked
it? And was not the maroon turned to
a purple by the proximity of this silk,
as any one could see?

"I should have thought that you
would have bought American silk.
They usually offer it at Morton and
Brier's to make up with these heavy
goods. It wears so much better and
costs less, you know, by a good deal;
being so much wider, too, it cuts to
better advantage."

"It came from New York," said poor,
crest-fallen Mrs. Fay. But there was
no pride in her voice.

Mrs. Mudge was measuring it off
from her nose to the ends of her fin-
gers. "Eight yards! That will never
do it. Not if you take off three quar-
ters for a bonnet and face the skirt.
It will not trim it handsomely."

"I thought it was a large pattern,"

faltered Mrs. Fay.

"Well, yes,—of American silk. But
a couple of yards more will do; and
you had better send for it at once. Per-
haps you had better say three while
you are about it. A scrap over is nev-
er out of place. This is very pretty
basket cloth," she went on diplomati-
cally, for Mrs. Fay's face revealed her
chagrin. "I saw the same at Morton's,
two dollars and a half was it not?"

"Two dollars and a half! It was
three. And it cannot be the same.
I sent to New York for this." Mrs.
Fay could have cried with vexation.
"You sent to New York!" The
dress-maker's sharp eyes measured Mrs.
Fay and the plainly furnished bedroom
with one keen, calculating glance,
but she said nothing more. And Mrs.
Fay sent to New York for three addi-
tional yards of silk. Her heart sank
as she broke her last ten dollar bill to
pay for this and the necessary linings

and facings, buttons and cord, without
which no feminine garment can be
brought into existence. And Aunt
Maria's cloak shrank more and more
in its proportions until it entirely pass-
ed out of sight.

"I shall do the rest myself," she
said to Susan Janey as the latter laid
by her work at the end of the third day.
"Do you think you can?" There
was disappointment in Susan's faded
eyes. "That blind stitch is hard to
do nicely if one is not used to it."

Poor Susan! Even one day more
would be something. It would earn
the price of a New Year's dinner.
Work was not easily found in these
days, and she had depended upon at
least a week here.

"I am sorry; and I know it isn't easy
to do." The tears were in Mrs. Fay's
eyes; was she not worn out with it al-
ready? "But, indeed, Susan, I must
do it."

So Susan folded the waist neatly and
laid it with a lingering hand beside
the skirts on Mrs. Fay's own bed, then
donned her old, worn cloak and un-
seasonable straw hat and went away.

When the dress was at last finished
and put on for John's inspection, the
night before New Year's, not even the
warm, bright hue could bring a trace
of color to the pale, worn face of its
wearer. But John did not notice it.

"Yes," he said absently, it is very
pretty, dear, and I am glad if you en-
joy it,—but it has cost me more than
I can well afford."

A shiver ran all the way down little
Mrs. Fay's spine. She could not ask
what he meant. Was it Susan Janey's
Was it?

"I suppose you told somebody you
got it in New York. At any rate Mor-
ton & Brier heard that my wife had
been buying a fifty dollar dress in
New York, and Morton said two could
play at that game. So he went to
Hartford and bought the steam-heater
he had been looking at for the store,
and Brier ordered another for his
house."

"It was that dressmaker! She must
have told it. I always thought she
looked like a spiteful thing and I didn't
ask her to our table," gasped Mrs. Fay,
growing whiter still.

"Very likely; I only know I have
lost their trade, which is a good deal
in these times; but don't let it distress
you, dear." He was frightened at the
expression in his wife's face.

"It is too late to mend it. Let us
think of something else." And he drew
her down on his knee. "What have
you got for Aunt Maria?"

"I have got her—I have made her,"
Mrs. Fay began hysterically. "O,
John, I have got her a ginger jar!"

"A ginger jar!" No wonder John
Fay stared.

"Don't laugh." And Mrs. Fay pro-
ceeded to further astonish her hus-
band by bursting into tears. "It is
decorated, you know, and—looks
almost like Kioti, Mrs. Juppe says. I
can't tell you, John—but—everything
costs so much, and the silk was too
narrow and I had to get more, and—
there wasn't any money left for the
cloak—"

"I see how it is," said kind John,
who knew more than she dreamed. He
gathered her up in his arms and es-
sayed to soothe the frightful sobs.
"We have learned a good lesson,
though a hard one, haven't we, little
woman? We will patronize home in-
stitutions; at least until we can draw
our income from abroad."

The next day, John Fay took his
old overcoat quietly to the tailor's and
had it rebound, countermarching his
order for a new one, and Aunt Maria
had her new cloak after all; and hap-
pening to meet Morton on the street,
who gave him the cold shoulder, he
stopped him and explained the whole
transaction, since it was too late to
benefit himself by the story. The re-
sult of which was that it was not too
late at all. The truth had been only
half told. The Hartford order had
been threatened, not carried out, and
the steam-heaters were bought of John
Fay himself.

Susan Janey was surprised by an in-
vitation to dinner on New Year's day.
Of course she came, and she contrived
to take a few needful stitches upon
the new dress. That "blind stitch"
had been indeed very trying to un-
skilled fingers. And the dinner was
a happy affair—John—even proposing
a toast at its conclusion:—

"Our neighbors: Let us do unto
others as we would that they should
do unto us."

Dear, blundering John! Both Su-
san Janey and Aunt Maria thought it
extremely appropriate and drank it in
cold water with tears of gratitude in
their weak eyes. But John and his
wife smiled another meaning across
the table to each other.—*Springfield
Republican.*

The Executive Committee of the
New York World's Fair in 1885 met in
that city recently and appointed a com-
mittee of five to look up a location for
the exhibition. The committee are
Jackson S. Schultz, Orestes Cleveland,
R. M. Hoe, S. B. H. Vance, and Chas.
I. Tiffany.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

ARCOLA, LOUDON Co., Va., March 3, '79.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This is the place
which gave birth to my wife, who has
gone to rest, and whose relatives I am
visiting here. The old-fashioned house
where I am now writing this letter is
said to be the oldest in this place, and
the bricks of the chimneys are believed
to have been made in England. This
building is about one hundred and
fifty years old.

After a very pleasant sojourn of two
weeks I bade good-bye to Baltimore
last Tuesday morning, and arrived
here at one P. M. At the depot, 7
miles from here, I found a sleigh await-
ing my arrival, and I had a nice sleigh
ride with Mr. Ratrie, with whom I am
staying. The snow is now gone. On
the 26th ult. I made a short visit to
the Maryland Institution for the Deaf
and Dumb, at Frederick City. My
stay was made very pleasant. Super-
intendent Ely told me that there had
been much sickness at the institution,
but that it had almost disappeared.
He said he had a great anxiety about
his old pupils, after the completion of
their education, on account of his be-
ing interested in their temporal and
spiritual welfare.

During my brief sojourn Mr. Grow,
one of the teachers, showed me the
city, which I found pleasantly situat-
ed in the midst of a well-cultivated
country. He pointed out an ancient
house where General Braddock, a British
officer, established his headquarters
on his way to Fort Du Quesne, the spot
where Pittsburg now stands. The
house where Mr. and Mrs. Grow live
was once the temporary home of the
General. They told me that it was
more than a hundred and fifty years
old. The General was the man who
would not agree with General Wash-
ington, who advised him not to ad-
vance any farther, in consequence of
which he was killed by the Indians.
About that time General Washington
had several bullets shot through his
coat.

Mr. Grow and I called on Dr. Mc-
Gill, formerly a resident of Staunton,
Va., for many years. I had not had
the pleasure of seeing him for about
twenty-five years. He told me he
was surprised to find his silent friend
younger than when he saw him in
Staunton, and that he was the most
remarkable man that he ever saw.
I have always liked the doctor on
account of his pleasant manners. I
have received a standing invitation to
call and see him whenever I pay Fred-
erick City a visitation. I think it prop-
er to say that he is well blessed with
fourteen children, seven sons and seven
daughters, all of whom are united
in marriage, except two of the latter.
A happy family he has had, though
his "better half" has been at rest sev-
eral years.

On the afternoon of the 28th ult. Mr.
Ely accompanied me from Frederick
City to the Relay House, eight miles
from Baltimore, and took the cars for
Washington, to which city business
called him. While we were on the
Frederick train we had the pleasure
of meeting Governor Carroll, of Mary-
land, and I told him that I knew his
wife when she was a little girl in
Staunton, Va., to which he bowed his
head quietly. I must say something
about him. His grandfather, Charles
Carroll, of Carrollton, was one of the
signers of the Declaration of Inde-
pendence. The Governor is a robust-
looking gentleman.

During our late southern tour Dr. Gal-
laudet and I had the pleasure of meet-
ing with the following governors: Hol-
liday, of Virginia, Vance, of North Car-
olina, Jarvis, of North Carolina, Col-
quitt, of Georgia, Cobb, of Alabama,
and Stone, of Mississippi.

Soon after my arrival in Baltimore
I went to the institution for colored
deaf-mutes to spend the night with
Mr. Balis, the principal, a graduate of
the deaf-mute college. I found a
warm friend in him, and had a pleas-
ant chat. After tea we enjoyed a nice
sociable at his friend's very much.

I had the pleasure and privilege of
holding two services at Grace Church
chapel in Baltimore, one on the 23d
ult. and the other on the 2d inst. The
meetings were, I thank God, well at-
tended.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 20, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, - \$1.50
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

LANGUAGE.

SIGN-LANGUAGE—SOME OF ITS USES—A FEW OF ITS ABUSES—TREADING ON FORBIDDEN GROUNDS—A FEW WORDS FOR FAULT-FINDERS.

Language, in its primitive sense, has been defined as "any means employed for the expression of thought, feeling, or purpose." It is divided into natural and artificial. The former principally comprises that employed by the brute creation, and consists of gestures and others means instinctively used for the conveyance of ideas, reason, or instincts, if you please, and is the natural language of the lower orders of creation. It is inherent in the wild animals that roam the steppes of the old world and the prairies of the new, that dwell in the mountains of the earth, inhabit the ocean depths, or subsist in the valleys of the earth; it is common to the feathered tribes that we domesticate in our homes, to cheer us with their unequalled songs, and to the more wary winged bipeds that soar through the aerial heavens and perch upon the tallest trees of the forest, or nestle in the stunted, scraggy growth of the mountain slopes and on their peaks. God implanted their language within them, and it is sufficiently available for the purposes intended.

Artificial language comprises written and spoken language. Its perfection (figuratively speaking) or imperfections are a matter of culture. In the partially enlightened races of mankind artificial language attains, at the best, to only a low average. In the wild Indian tribes of America, in their primitive state, language, though somewhat forceful, was found to be of a low grade. In the Caucasian race language has reached a point which well-nigh approaches perfection.

Sign-language, as applied to the deaf and dumb, is a mixture of natural and artificial language. But comparatively a small portion of it, however, is natural; the greater bulk of it is conventional, and, consequently, of local application.

As far as this medium is confined to natural language it is universal in its application, and may be used as a means of communication between the average deaf-mute and the average hearing person to some small purpose, and may also be employed to convey thought between the deaf-mute of this country and one of Siberian or Teutonic extraction or nativity, and this without anything farther than nature's teaching.

But, unfortunately for one born deaf and dumb, nature's school of language for man was not intended to fit him, without farther instruction, for every extensive conversational enjoyment, and his natural language proves less efficient than does the natural language of the lower orders of creation, the condition of being born without the facilities of hearing and speech being not the rule, but exceptions. To remedy this defect, conventional systems of sign-language are taught to deaf-mutes in the most enlightened and Christian portions of the world. In no country is the deaf-mute sign-language, of any kind, sufficiently understood by the masses of the people or by many of the parents or friends of deaf-mute children to preclude the necessity of sending them to school, or employing a tutor or governess to instruct them in the use of language. Upon arriving at school for the first time, or upon their being introduced to a tutor or governess at home, the first lessons are, of course, in a better development of sign-language, in order to rouse their dormant thoughts into activity and pave the way to a future and more elaborate course of educational instruction.

Here we would remark that if any parent imagines the rudimental teaching of a deaf-mute pupil to be an easily-accomplished task, let him or her watch

closely a few of the first lessons, and the chances are that the looker-on will soon become relieved of any such presumption.

We now approach (in the opinion of some of our readers) forbidden grounds. We make bold to say that, after a deaf-mute pupil is prepared for the development of his or her mental capacity, an extensive use of the sign or pantomimic language is not only a great waste of material, but also, in the majority of cases, a greater curse than blessing for the pupil under instruction.

When sufficiently enlightened for an introduction to written language, the use of the pantomime should be by degrees, discarded as much as possible, and most of the time employed in the imparting by the teachers and study by the pupils of the written language of the country in which the pupil is being educated.

We would accord all due laudations to the noble-hearted men of the old and new world who have devised and brought into use systems of sign-language, or any other, the result of which have been to introduce light into the benighted or obscure minds of the deaf and dumb of this or any other country. May the memory of such philanthropists be for ever fresh in the minds of the people. But, as before suggested, when the mental faculties of deaf-mutes have been prepared for a more liberal expansion of ideas their mediums of instruction should, as far as possible, be confined to words instead of symbols. The study of the mother language of a deaf-mute pupil should be made more of a speciality than the elaborate study of pantomimic language, which, at best, is likely to be used and understood only by deaf-mutes and but a small fraction of hearing people, thereby greatly restricting the conversational powers and usefulness of deaf-mutes—practically debarring them from intercourse with about ninety-nine hundredths of their countrymen. The outgrowth of this too close confinement to sign-language is a very mischievous and injurious one. Its harvest results largely in clannish propensities, exclusiveness, and lack of harmonious sympathy between the deaf and dumb and, at least, about nine-tenths of the hearing people. So when the pupil finishes his prescribed course of institutional training the chances are about ninety-nine out of a hundred that he grows more clannish than ever, and confines his social and business relations to those which savor almost entirely of deaf-mutism. Therefore, by the teaching of too much pantomimic and too little of written language many gigantic resources are left undeveloped and many brilliant intellects are badly crippled.

What the deaf and dumb need, for the development of their resources of intellect, is not only to be fitted for communication and interchange of their thoughts to and with each other, but also better adaptation to the communication of their thoughts and ideas to speaking people.

The deaf and dumb greatly underestimate the sympathy for them which exists among speaking people. This feeling with deaf-mutes will ever continue until they are brought into better communication of thought with hearing people.

The deaf-mutes, being largely in the minority, should, as far as possible, be educated to use the written language of their country, in preference to being too much confined to pantomimic language. They should remember that, like the great Mohammedan would-be prophet, they cannot bring the mountains to them; and if they cannot, like him, go to the mountain, they can go in the direction of it, and near enough to it to receive many blessings from its fatherly protection.

What would be thought of immigrants from Germany or France who should, for one or two centuries after settling in this country, confine their language principally to their native dialect, and their social and business relations almost exclusively to their own class of citizens, with but little effort to learn the language and ways of American people, and still complain that American people did not sympathize with them as they ought? We would not offer any disparagements to the deaf and dumb, but we do think that in many cases they do more towards making themselves an exclusive people than they do to drop into the channel of their hearing friends. But to this there are, of course, many noble and prominent exceptions.

If more time were to be used by the teachers of the deaf and dumb and by their pupils in imparting and learning the language of the country that class of people (deaf-mutes) would be better fitted for conversing with hearing people, and there would then exist greater harmony between the two classes. It is a very easy matter for speaking people

to learn the manual or finger language, and if the deaf-mutes understand the written language of the country where they reside, communication is very simple between deaf-mutes and hearing people and also between deaf-mutes themselves.

We do not pretend to be versed in the profound mysteries of deaf-mute instruction, but think we understand a few of its principles, and it does seem as if a deaf-mute pupil, of even no more than a seven years' course of school instruction, could be prepared for learning his *alma mater* with a better knowledge of the construction of written language than the average deaf-mute does. It is hard to perceive the necessity of what is termed a passably-educated deaf-mute using so much of the "back-handed" style of expression in written language; why he cannot be taught to correctly express simple sentences in plain English. For example, it does seem possible for the average, educated deaf-mute to write: "Our Father which art in heaven," instead of saying "In heaven Father which art our" or why cannot he be taught to say: "A man called at my house," instead of writing "Man stopped my house at?" These are but two very simple illustrations of a very awkward and corrupt style of expression among many of the educated, or so-called at least, deaf-mutes of this country; but, with many of them, when they pass into the realm of more abstract communications on paper the results are often far more ridiculous,—that is if they are avoidable; otherwise the writers and speakers (deaf-mute) of such styles of expression are more to be pitied than blamed.

Our object is not so much to show up the deficiencies in the language of the deaf and dumb as to ascertain whether there is not still a possibility for important improvements in the present style of educating them.

We fully realize many of the disadvantages under which instructors of the deaf and dumb are compelled to labor, and under which the pupils themselves labor, but we are not yet prepared to adopt the idea that deaf-mute education has reached its highest standard; and if there is anything that we can say which shall result in raising that standard our duty to the deaf and dumb of this country demands the expression of our views without reserve.

Deaf-mutes, in their sympathy for one another, often complain that too much of the instruction to pupils imparted at the institutions is by hearing teachers; that there are not enough deaf-mute teachers employed. We would say that, circumstances being equal, such positions would seem, naturally, to belong to the deaf and dumb, but we fully believe that were all such teaching done by deaf-mutes the pupils would not be so well fitted as now for mingling with hearing people. As many good deaf-mute instructors as practicable should be employed in the institutions, but we hesitate not to say that a reasonable proportion of hearing teachers should also be employed, they being better mediums between the deaf and dumb and the hearing people than are deaf-mute teachers. All honor to many well-educated and also highly successful deaf-mute teachers now occupying prominent positions in deaf-mute schools of this country, but croakers for exclusively deaf-mute instructors for deaf-mutes are simply "quarrelling with their own bread and butter." What would have been the condition of the deaf and dumb at this day had it not been for a few philanthropic hearing friends who were zealous pioneers in the cause of deaf-mute education? Let no deaf-mute find too much fault with the States' or Government's management of deaf-mute institutions, but rather let them make the most of the existing provisions for the education of the deaf and dumb, and do all that is possible to help raise the deaf-mutes' educational standard.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., of New York, will hold services in Grace Church, in this village, March 23d, morning and evening.

Holy Communion at morning service. Special service for deaf-mutes at 3 o'clock p. m.

A general invitation to the services is extended to the deaf and dumb and hearing people. All the services will be interesting and impressive.

SERVICES IN GRACE CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY.

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CHURCH NOTICES.

Professor William H. Weeks, of the American Asylum, will hold another of his union services, which have been received with so much favor, before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society on the morning and afternoon of Sunday, March 23d. All mutes in Boston and its vicinity are cordially invited to attend the services.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

"STILL" exercise prevails among the small boys of the Colorado Institution.

There is an appearance of spring at the seat of the Minnesota Institution.

Mr. Cortez Fitch, of Tolland, Conn., was recently married to Miss Phillips, of Indiana.

The Ohio Institution has been placed in connection with the Bell telephone system of Columbus.

The Michigan Institution has but 500 copies annually of the report of that school for distribution.

The big swing at the Colorado Institution recently broke, slightly injuring one of the little girls.

Mr. Sidney Rector, of Berrien county, Mich., has lately been the guest of the Michigan Institution.

The ice on the river near the Minnesota Institution was recently said to be two and a half feet thick.

The work on the *Companion* is done by boys, none of whom have been in the printing-office more than fifteen months.

William Brosius, a pupil of the West Virginia Institution, says he has caught 20 rabbits during this term of school up to February 22d.

The "Clonian Society of the Ohio Institution recently debated "Should women be admitted to practice law?" It was decided in the negative.

Mrs. Tanspach, of Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. Marcus Kerr, of Jackson, Mich., were on a visit to their friends at the Michigan Institution last month.

A deaf-mute, giving his name as Rev. Mr. Kennedy, paid a visit to the people of the Michigan Institution. He said he had been a lecturer for 28 years.

An exchange says: "The *Educator* for February contained a contribution by a pupil. It fills only two or three inches of space, but it is a good beginning."

John W. Ross, an ex-pupil of the Ohio Institution, is doing well at the shoemakers' trade at Montgomery, O., has a shop of his own, and has plenty of custom.

It is said that Illinois has two deaf-mute lawyers, and that they are kept busy at the trade, earning enough to live comfortably on. Here is one advantage of being dumb.

The *Companion* don't see where the danger lies in asserting that a few lines written by Dr. Gillett are of greater interest than a whole paper full written by Mr. Read and his correspondents. We're astonished!—*Mirror*.

Professor Job Turner denies having said that Mr. Houghton was a graduate of the New York Deaf-Mute College. He feels perfectly sure that he wrote "the National Deaf-Mute College," and says he was then aware that there was no such college.

We are in receipt of a paper called the NATIONAL, published at Toronto, Canada, marked "Please Excuse." The foreman of the NATIONAL office, John Brooks, is a deaf-mute, and is said to be an industrious and skillful workman. We "ex" with pleasure.—*Kansas Star*.

Rev. Wm. W. Turner, of Hartford, Conn., firmly believes in hereditary deafness. He says that many persons have been born with defective, or, at best, weak hearing, of which some sudden shock to the nerves deprived them. There have also been those who gradually became deaf after birth.

DEAF-MUTES! there is a chance for you! A deaf-mute is admirably fitted for the position of a gentleman's private secretary. One who can do as he is bid and does not hear what is not intended for him, and who cannot babble about what he has not heard, would make a model "private secretary."

Professor Job Turner says he read in the JOURNAL of a recent date that Mrs. Cornell expired at Kirkville, Mo., lately, and that she was a graduate of the New York Institution. He says if she was formerly Miss Sappington, of Virginia, she was educated at the Virginia Institution, and that she was taught by him.

The ladies of the Illinois Institution have formed a literary society, under the charming title of "Young Ladies' Coleridge." A short time ago they were debating upon the question as to whether it would be the better way for a gentleman to propose marriage to a lady in person or by letter. They decided in favor of "proposing the question" by mail, and it is said that a few days afterwards several of the fair members received letters from some wicked students of the National Deaf-Mute College, offering them their hands and hearts, with a hope that their tender epistles would neither get lost on the way, nor fall, by mistake, into the hands of the wrong persons.

That our Superintendent gives but few muteness situations at the Institution is a constant source of gossip. Here we want to tell our readers that the foreman of the shoe shop is a deaf-mute; one of the assistant matrons is a deaf-mute; one of the superintendents is a deaf-mute, and three of the employed are deaf-mutes, one of whom has held the position of a teacher for about fifteen years past, and is about forty years of age. We think that the superintendent has employed a fair proportion of our people. No other institution has turned out more industrious, independent and intelligent citizens than ours as an evidence of the success of our superintendent in bringing about the desired end.—*Advance*.

One Drunk and three disorderlies at the central station court this morning. Among the number was "Teddy" Daly, an old fraud who has been swindling the public by soliciting alms as an alleged deaf and dumb, on the street corners. When Teddy was brought out of the bear pen to be examined he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands and prayed long and lustily for the health and preservation of Justice Miner, entreating the Lord to bless him with a good wife and a large family of children, and to see that he was given a reserved seat when Gabriel's trump should sound for the final resurrection. Justice Miner could not help smiling at Teddy's petition, but it was a trick which the latter had employed upon previous occasions, and when the prayer was finished Teddy went up for 30 days.—*Detroit Evening News*.

We are indebted to the compliments of Superintendent G. O. Fay for a copy of the fifty-second annual report of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, for the year 1878. The cost of the institution for the year was \$96,709.73. The amount sufficient for the coming year (1879) was computed at \$93,498.59. During the year the population of the school was nearly uniform, beginning with 438 and closing with 436, having an average of 437, against 431 the previous year. The general health of the pupils was good, and there was not a single case of death during the year. Two pupils died at their homes, last August, of fever, namely: Miss Alice E. Smith, Butlerville, and Thomas Ward, of Cincinnati. The whole number in attendance for the year was 517—293 boys and 224 girls. The number of new pupils was 61—40 boys and 21 girls.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will arrive in town Saturday.

A brother of Wilhelmina Mitz, a pupil of the Kansas Institution, recently died.

The pupils of the Cincinnati day school are said to present a thrifty, intelligent and active appearance.

Mrs. Judson Turley, of Quaker Bottom, and Miss A. B. Jones, of Hallsville, were married at Hallsville, O., Feb. 27th.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes will get \$10,000 as a bequest from Mrs. Emma Strecker, daughter of a wealthy importing merchant.

Last Sunday evening there was a good service for deaf-mutes in St. Peter's Church, Salem, Mass. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted for a goodly company of deaf-mutes, and made an address.

Phor. Job Turner arrived at Stanton, Va., on the 12th, and is now happy with his dear sons. He intends to rest there for two or three weeks before he resumes his missionary duties for the summer and fall.

Last Saturday Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet had a pleasant conversation with Messrs. Swift and Atwood in Marblehead, Mass., concerning the New England Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes, as newly formed and incorporated.

ALBERT O. Bowler, of Rockland, Me., says that he and John W. Abbott, who was crushed to death by a hay press, were schoolmates at Hartford, that they were intimate friends, that he was a good young man, a Christian, and that his age was twenty-one years.

Thursday the pupils had a half-holiday. It was given because of the expectation, at 8 o'clock, that the day would be a warm, sunny one. Such were the indications. It turned out to be as horrid, "nasty," murky a day as ever was. So much for the ground-hog.—If we could catch him, we'd wring his neck.—*Gazette*.

Last Sunday morning at St. Paul's Church, Boston, Rev. Wm. Newton, rector, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet addressed the congregation in relation to church work among deaf-mutes. At 3 p. m. a large congregation of deaf-mutes attended the monthly service in St. Paul's Church. Dr. Gallaudet baptized Mr. and Mrs. Bellis. It must have been a joyful occasion to the good reverend.

SENATOR Johnson presented a bill to establish a school for the education of deaf and dumb children in or near Chicago. The school is designed for the education of deaf-mute children between the ages of 7 and 21 years; shall be known as the "Deaf-Mute School of Chicago," and be under the control of two trustees, to be appointed by the governor and the superintendents of public instruction and schools in Chicago. On motion, the bill went to the State charitable institutions committee.—*Chicago Tribune*.

MANY and various are the noises made by deaf and dumb persons, every day in their lives. Sometimes such noises are made unintentionally, but often from careless indifference to the feelings of those who can hear. Shuffling with the feet is a very common habit, and it is one which sensitive ears dread more than any other. Especially at the table is too much noise made; the gnashing of the teeth and the clattering of knives and forks make a din. Laughing loudly and vociferating is another more serious fault of most persons. Dragging chairs or other heavy objects on the floor raises such a racket that if the deaf-mute himself could hear it he would never repeat such an offense against propriety. Oh that some kind fairy would give us the power of seeing ourselves as others see us. Lastly, but not least, is the habit of making guttural noises in the throat while talking by signs. The list is long, but it is needless to give it in full, but if an honest, determined effort be made to overcome these faults they may be remedied. Let us keep a careful guard over our every gesture and action.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

St. Paul, Minn., March 12, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I send you a few items to be published in your valuable JOURNAL.

One Sunday, the 9th inst., we had our meeting at the Minneapolis Plymouth Rooms at 2 p. m. Mr. Noyes, principal of the Faribault Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was welcome to come in, and he was really pleased to meet all of his pupils again. He gave them a good address, the subject being "Forgiveness; it is the fragrance of the crushed flowers." The listeners were, indeed, interested to hear him. After his lecture, he told the members that he would be pleased to hear that we would try to stick to our young association, and he hoped that our society would do better in the future. We will try and do our best to help the society.

Mr. Carroll and his wife will come to the Minneapolis Association to give the members a lecture on Sunday, the 6th of April, at 2 p. m. The members and visitors will be obliged to be present at 2 p. m. precisely, for some of them want to go to St. Paul at 3:45, instead of at 6:45 p. m.

Mr. Cassius Scofield, of Cannon Falls, was at Minneapolis for a few days on business. Last Sunday he attended the deaf-mutes' association to hear Mr. Noyes preach. He was pleased. He is going to farming near Cannon Falls, or somewhere, next summer. We wish him success.

It is understood that the imbeciles and idiots are to be removed to the Faribault Deaf and Dumb Institution from the St. Peter Insane Asylum. I think it is a disgrace, for the travelers and visitors think the idiots do as well as the poor deaf-mutes when they visit there.

Fifteenth Anniversary of a Wedding.

A MODEL LETTER, SHORT, INTERESTING, AND TO THE POINT.—A GOOD LESSON IN BREVITY FOR THE STUDY OF "LONG-WINDED" WRITERS.—A VERY WORTHY EXAMPLE.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., March 13, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 12th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Martin T. Butts, deaf-mutes, of this city, held a reception at the residence of Mr. Butts' father, on South Water street, it being the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. A large circle of their friends were present, only two of the number being deaf-mutes—Edward Ensign, of Vestal, and Frank Morgan, of Binghamton. They received many elegant and nice presents, and the occasion was one of much interest and enjoyment.

Truly yours,
FRANK MORGAN.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 41 ly.

Local Paragraphs.

Signs of some cool weather.

H. C. Beals was in town last week.

Gallett Tuller was in town one day last week.

The new organ is being set up in the M. E. Church.

Our charter election is being held to-day (Tuesday.)

G. G. French was recently in Washington on business.

Theodore Greene is clerking in the drug store of J. C. Taylor.

Avery and Gracie Skinner, who have been sick, have recovered.

Dr. J. U. Manworren is slowly recovering from his sickness.

The spring term of Mexico Academy will begin next Tuesday.

Mrs. P. M. Carpenter, of Baldwinville, is visiting in this village.

Maple sugar parties are in order, but we don't see many of them.

Some of the farmers near here have commenced making maple sugar.

Preparations are being made by Mr. Lewis Miller for holding a concert.

Another addition to the "beautiful" last Sunday night and also on Monday.

Mrs. J. W. Larkin and Ettie and Miss Mary Tiffany are visiting in Rome.

Mrs. H. H. Barber's condition is slowly, but gradually, growing worse.

The improvements in the M. E. Church are slowly but steadily progressing.

Lewis Miller has lately been confined to his house for a few days with a hard cold.

Mrs. and Mrs. Orson Webb have moved into their new home in Railroad street.

Miss Louisa Davis, sister of Mr. Phineas Davis, died at her home in this village last week.

The funeral services of Miss Louisa Davis were held last Saturday, Rev. W. S. Goodell officiating.

Secure your tickets for the Gilmore Band concert at the Oswego Armory to-morrow (Wednesday) evening.

Miss Fannie Plumley is engaged to teach the summer term of school in a district in the town of Schreppel.

C. P. Whipple has bought the house formerly owned by C. B. Thompson and now occupied by Andrew Johnson.

J. A. Rickard is going to move into the Packer house, and Mr. Packer will move into the house with Mrs. T. G. Brown.

The three district schools of this village, also Miss Hattie Baker's select school, begin their spring terms next Monday.

It is thought that Frank Johnson is a very little better, but it is said that his improvement is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible.

The Oswego District Conference is in session in Washington Hall. The representation of clergymen is large and the meetings are well attended.

Some of our citizens have lately been clearing their sidewalks, and it adds greatly to the comfort and convenience of those who like to use them.

A large number of the rising generation were anxious to stake their bottom nickels on the result of the great walking contest at Gilmore's Gardens.

Mrs. Kimball, who lived with her son, L. N. Kimball, of this village, died last week. Her funeral was held at Mr. Kimball's residence at 10 a. m. last Saturday.

The repetition of "Enlisted for the war, or our home guards," at Washington Hall on the evening of March 11th, was pronounced a fine entertainment by those who attended it.

Adelbert Benedict, who some weeks since cut one of his knees severely, is nearly over his lameness. It is a critical place for a cut, and he barely escaped becoming crippled for life.

Presiding Elder Skeel preached a very deep and interesting sermon in Washington Hall last Sunday evening from Malachi, iii: 16, 17, and 18. A good audience was present, and the reverend gentleman's remarks were deeply appreciated.

A large number of our citizens contemplate attending the Gilmore Band Concert at the Oswego National Guard Armory Wednesday evening, the 19th. Tickets and reserved seats for the concert are for sale by E. L. Huntington. Tickets, 25 cents; reserved seats, 25 cents extra. The railroad company will carry those going to the concert at half fare, and those at the armory door, and at the close of the concert will bring them back by special train. The railroad and concert tickets are combined and sold together at Huntington's store.

The citizens, a portion at least, of this village were aroused by the alarm of fire at about 1:15 a. m., Saturday, March 15th. On hastening to the spot, it was ascertained that the house owned by Rev. W. F. Hemenway and occupied by Mrs. Davis Everts and Charles Beebe and their families was in flames beyond all hopes of saving it. The upright roof was in a blaze. The fire is supposed to have caught from a stove pipe in the chamber, and was discovered by Mrs. Everts. The most of the household effects were saved excepting those in the chamber in the upright part of the house. The entire house was burned to the ground. The house was insured for \$1,350, and the goods were also insured.

A GOOD LETTER FROM THOMAS BROWN, THE VETAN DEAF-MUTE.

WEST HENNIKER, N. H., March 7, 1879.
DEAR RIDER:—Old age is daily creeping upon me, I do not feel like writing for papers as often as formerly. Your young readers write well for your popular paper, which affords me great delight in reading about mute news abroad. Yet I should like to send a few items to your paper, as a good herald of news. My old friends abroad may be glad to hear how old Tom Brown is getting along in his advanced years—75 February 25th. I have been confined to the house about a month this winter by ill health, but now I am comfortable,—riding out in fair weather.

I noticed in the *Mirror*, with feelings of sympathy, that you were ill, and I hope that you are better now and attending to your editorial labor. I am in earnest hopes that better times may come soon; then your meritorious paper will have an ample subscription.

Meetings of our Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission have been held in Henniker, September 15th, and in Amherst, November 10th, 1878, since its organization last May, and were good successes; I hope its occasional gatherings may be beneficial to the scattered mutes in New Hampshire, in future.

It was my privilege and pleasure to meet and chat with Edmund Booth, Esq., of Iowa, at the Amherst meeting, after a separation of half a century, at Hartford.

The kind invitation and generous hospitality of George Kent, the successful angler, the attentive courtesy of his family at his spacious mansion, and the kind attention of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. David and Mr. and Mrs. F. Worcester will always be gratefully remembered by those mutes who attended the meeting at Amherst November 10th.

We were sorry that Prof. D. E. Bartlett, a veteran teacher, declined an anxious invitation as our interpreter twice, in Henniker and Amherst. We learn that he is still as lively as twenty years ago. His old pupils would be glad to see him.

The service of Rev. John Chamberlain, as interpreter, and the lecture of Mr. David, resident of Amherst, were a satisfaction, and also the pleasing remarks given by E. Booth, J. Turner, and J. T. Tillinghast.

The untimely death of E. C. Stone, the good principal, and W. L. Bird, a faithful teacher, must have been a severe stroke to the American Asylum, my *alma mater*.

I presume that a successor to Mr. Stone is not yet decided upon, and think that a judicious selection of a good and impartial new principal would be better regarded than from a familiar corps.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. David honored us with a pleasant visit for a week, with whom I had great pleasure in chatting on our school reminiscences.

Last Sunday a neighborhood gathering of eight mutes and five hearing persons attended a good lecture, given at my house by Mr. David. It was from St. John, chapter 13th.

I think that it may not be advisable for your next bi-annual convention to meet at Buffalo instead of New York city, as at first fixed upon.

A meeting at the New York Institution would draw a larger gathering, keep guests from city temptations, and board could be procured at a reasonable rate.

Correspondence.
Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.
OUR TORONTO LETTER.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Wednesday evening, the 5th inst., there was a full meeting of the deaf-mutes of this city to welcome Mr. P. Bridgen, and to witness the presentation to him of a beautiful time-piece and to Mrs. Bridgen a beautiful card tray. The project had been agitated for some time, and only became a reality on that evening. Mr. Richard Slater proposed Mr. Andrew Clark as chairman, whose proposition was seconded by Mr. C. J. Howe.
Mr. Clark, accordingly, took the chair, and after thanking the members for the honor conferred upon him, proceeded to deliver the address upon presenting the time-piece. After Mr. Bridgen's reply, addresses were delivered by Messrs. R. Slater, C. J. Howe, and Mr. N. V. Lewis. Appended is Mr. Clark's address and Mr. Bridgen's reply:
To F. BRIDGEN, Esq.—Friend and Counsellor:—The members of the Toronto Deaf-Mute Association, deeply sensible of the benefits they have derived from your excellent services every alternate Sunday since the association was organized, some two and a half years ago, held a meeting on the 12th of December last in order to discuss the advisability of giving you some tangible proof of the value they set upon your labors (a labor of love, since given freely), in expounding the Scriptures, and pointing out to them the way of salvation in so simple and plain a way that the dumbest of us could not fail to understand, and take to heart the truths so expounded. They could not think of anything better than a time-piece for yourself and a card tray for your estimable better half. A time-piece suggests the flight of time, and the necessity of our improving it while we have opportunity; for soon, too soon, it will be beyond our grasp, and can never be redeemed. It also leads us to think of eternity, and warns us to prepare to enjoy it in company with the Lord and His saints in endless happiness.
You have, in your services, continually impressed upon us the necessity of being prepared for eternity. You have so poured forth before our eyes, Sunday after Sunday, your wealth of Scriptural knowledge of the gospel plan of salvation that we longed very much for each Sunday that was to bring you amongst us to dispense the bread of life to our hungry souls.
We pray God to bless you with health and strength, from on high, to continue your labors among us.
We have all come to think you our spiritual guide. We may not be able to reward you sufficiently for all you have done for us; God will reward you in His own time. The trifling presents of which we beg your acceptance are not of much pecuniary worth; but the feelings with which they are tendered will doubtless have more value in your eyes, and we trust you will accept them in the same spirit that they are offered. Long may you be spared to note time by the clock, and your dear wife to fill the card tray with tokens of affection from friends; and finally, when time is no more, may we all meet on the right side of the great white throne and hear the words of our Judge: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." God grant that such may be the case with us all, and to Him be the praise and glory forever.
REPLY OF MR. BRIDGEN.
TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION—My Dear Friends:—I thank you all, I thank you much for these beautiful presents; I thank you also on behalf of my dear wife, who, unfortunately, finds it impossible to accept your invitation to-night. I thank you still more for the kind words with which your gift is accompanied. A gift is a pleasant thing when it comes laden with kind and friendly feelings, the memory of which will give it a value which no gold or silver could bestow; but these things are beautiful in themselves, and, in seeking to give the pleasure of beauty unto others, we are, in our humble degree, following Him who has arrayed the lily and ordained the glory of the heavens for the pleasure of His children. These presents are not only beautiful, but useful also. I see in them not only kindness seeking to give pleasure, but also kindness seeking to give help, and we thank the man who unasked and unthought of seeks to aid us, and every time a gift avails us, we think "The kindness of friends helps me here." This kind address gives me no common pleasure. I am glad, very glad, that you have found my efforts to open the Word of God to you of any use, for I often feel that, from my partial knowledge of your sign-language, I speak, as it were, with a stammering tongue to you. I am exceedingly glad if in any degree I have shown to you some of the unspeakable riches of the Book of books; if any of its blessed teachings, high hopes, or great consolations have reached you through my imperfect words. And, as telling of your value for the Word of God, and of gratitude for its teachings, this present will be to me more than all beauty, use, or even kindness could make it.
I am very sorry that bad health and the doctor's injunctions have compelled me of late to interrupt my regular attendance here, but I hope soon to be restored to my usual health, and to continue the services which have been of so much profit and pleasure to myself as they could at any time have been to you. A severe headache pre-

